

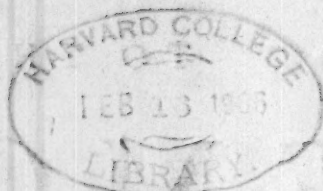
A
Funeral Tear,
TO THE
MEMORY
OF THE
Right Honourable
CHARLES,
EARL of
BURLINGTON.

By E. SETTLE.

—jaculis vane fatalibus obstat
Gloria—

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LONDON

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A
Funeral Tear,
TO THE
MEMORY
OF THE
Right Honourable
CHARLES,
EARL of
BURLINGTON:

WHEN the whole sacred Choir, the Virgin
(Nine,
Big with some mighty Birth, some Ayrs Divine,
(For Songs are Maiden Off-springs) to inspire,
Their pregnant Veins with yet Diviner Fire,
With bended Knees, and with uplifted Eyes
Up to that radiant Head that gilds the Skies,
From their bright Patron God to the great Theme
They humbly pray a warm assisting Beam.

When

When *BURLINGTON*, a Name that sure must sound
Thro' Wit's whole Realms, the wide Castalian
(round:

When that Illustrious Worthy calls the Choir,
Rouses each sleeping Bard, tunes every Lyre,
A juster Prayer the Muses never made,
Then here t'invoke th' Apollinary Ayd:
Their whole sublimest numbers ne'er can raise
A pile too high for his exalted Praise.

Oh Gratitude, Devotion's strongest Tye;
So vast their Duty, and their Debt so high:
When in his Name th' Harmonious Troops appear,
His Arms their Standard, his their jocund Sphere,
Wit and Wits Empire are all Tributaries here.
Well they remember, with what cherishing Smile,
Lord of their Glebe, the every generous *BORL*,
Cheer'd their whole Ayr, and fatten'd all their Soil.
Here not the poorest Knee cou'd ever bring
Ev'n the minutest duteous Offering,
But met that gracious hospitable Ray---
Wit from those Feet ne'er went unblest away.
Whilst the whole Muses Train thus to caress,
Great *BURLINGTON* ev'n Studied how to bless;
Our Duty greater, but our Wonder's less.
For, oh, the whole Divine *Minerva* reigns
Thro' the great *BORLS* hereditray Veins.
Thus whilst Wit's brightest Glory deigns to grace
With that auspicious smile VVits humbler Race:
This great Mecenas, unsurpriz'd we find,
Thus universally he warm'd and shin'd.
'Tis natural Goodness cherishes the kind.

So

So to the thousand Spangles of the Skyes
 One glorious Lord of Day his Light supplies.
 To no less thousand Rills, kind as his Beams,
 One bounteous Mother Ocean lends her Streams.

In all these duteous obligations bound,
 Whilst with a Veneration so profound,
 Thro' Wits whole Region, every grateful Soul,
 Great BURLINGTON's revolving Glories roul.
 Call then, ye Muses, to this Darling Theme
 Your own *Apollo*---Call his glittering Beam!
 Can that bright God's illuminating Fire,
 This Song of the Great BURLINGTON inspire!
 Ah no! that dazling Head, whose orient Ray,
 Cheers the whole Globe, and gilds the smiling Day,
 His invocated Power shou'd rather ayd
 Some Song of the great ANNE's bright Arms display'd
 In Europe's Championd Cause her Thunder hurl'd
 To succour the Distresses of a VVorld.
 By Her the *German-Eaglet* taught to soar;
 Hers the young Austrian VVings to waft him o'er }
 To his new Cedar-nest, his *Spain's* Imperial Shore. }
 These or some no less glorious Theme t' essay,
 The Living BURLINGTON, that Head display:
 Ay, these are Songs t' invoke the God of Day.

But here, ye Muses, hang your drooping wing
 Think what distressful Notes you now must Sing!
 Sing the Dead BURLINGTON ---Oh that dire sound;
 Groans, echoing Groans, must now fill all around.
 Oh, bask no more, ye once all cheerful Choir,
 Beneath yon shining Charioteers warm Fire }
 From Light and Day to Cells and Shades retire. }

If possible, at this amazing Scene,
 From your wet Eyes, pour a whole *Hippocrene* :
 Think at this Loss, how thick a Cloud must rise,
 Around the mourning Muses darken'd Skyes ;
 A Fate too loursing, and a Shock too great :
 Your *BURLINGTON* your best *Apollo's* set.
 If in the Verge of this too hideous Night,
 Shall dare peep forth one sparkling beam of Light,
 Let nought but all illboding Planets shine,
 Those fatal Stars that rais'd his Fun'ral Shrine.
 Let their malicious Fires all blazing burne,
 And hang the glimmring Tapers round his Urne.
 Ay these the Mourning Rites, the Fun'ral State,
 Should this lov'd Head to Tombs and Charnels
 The Muses Temple with such fables hung, (wait.
 Thus shou'd the dying *BURLINGTON* be sung.

If thus the Muses mourn: If Gratitude
 And Duties pious Eyes are thus bedew'd ;
 Oh the dire Flood ; unutterable Woe !
 What are the Tears from *LOVE's* drown'd Eyes must
 (flow!
 Here if the trembling Muse may dare intrude
 And with bold Eyes not too profanely rude,
 To pry in such retiring Solitude,
 View the dark Cell of the great Mourning Fair
 And see the hideous Rites of Sorrow there ;
 Shades, Sables, Horrour, Ruines, and Despair. }
 Oh *BURLINGTON*, that true sad Turtle left,
 Of all her Hopes, of all she lov'd bereft ;
 With wringing hands, and with all streaming eyes,
 So deep the Groans, and, oh, so loud the Cries,
 Up

Up to thy very Throne of Paradise,
Her VVidow Plaints shall scale thy Bows of Blifs:
Her Pangs and Tears plead with that mournful voice,
Till ev'n amidst thy new Eternal Joys,
From thy high Orb, thou shalt with pain look down
To see the trickling Pearle thy Herse shall crown.

But have the Fates in their relentless spight, }
Wrapt this fair Head in that thick Veil of Night, }
Impenetrable to one spark of Light!
No Daun of Mercy, not one glance of Day,
This frighful Mass of Ruines to allay!
Did the dread Bolt with that dire Vengeance fall
The Grave that keen Devourer swallow all!
Is Her dear *BURLINGTON* in Death so lost;
Shall the Destroyer that vast Triumph boast!
No, beauteous Mourner, Fate's too bloody shaft,
From those rich Veins drank not so deep a Draught.
From the great wreck some darling Reliques save.
A Wealth too vast for one voracious Grave;
If possible, raise that too drooping Head.
Tho' this black Cloud has wrapt thy Genia! Bed }
Look up and see thy shining Table spread. }
Embrace in thy still blest maternal Arms,
The Father's Honour, and the Mothers Charms;
Those living Miniatures, those sweet pledges, all
True Copies of their great Original.
Rich with that lovely Fruit, oh live to see
Not Widow'd Nations half so blest as Thee.
Not mourning *Albion* of thy hopes possesst,
Saw her great *William* call'd t' Eternal Rest.

He

He Heavn's less Care *Nassau's* extinguish't Veins
 Left not like *BURLINGTON* those dear Remains.
 Nor the great *ANNE* in her full Orb of Powr,
 Her Childless Hopes up to thy Blessings tour.
 In thy bright Orb of Glory more Divine
 See a young Constellation round thee shine
 All Smiling Aspects: Those fair Branches view
 Shall make the Stock immortal whence they grew.
 Enlightned by his consoling Ray,
 From Tombs and Charnels turn thy Eyes away:
 With that fair Treasury of Joys in store
 Look forwards all, and, oh, look back no more.
 Throw the dark Scene behind thee, and look down
 On pitied Kingdoms, a more pitied Crown.
 Boast that proud Trophy from thy happier Veins,
 Richer than Empires, and more Crown'd than
 (Queens.

Whilst *BURLINGTON* thus lay'd him down to rest,
 Rich as a *Phenix* in her spicy Nest;
 Led from these growing Hopes, thro' Beds of
 (Flowr's
 A Beauteous *Eden* Prospect; Rosey Bowr's,
 And a whole blooming Spring; what tho' a Ray }
 From this bright thought, that Lustre do's display, }
 Ev'n to the Grave-lets in some dawn of Day; }
 To shield off the too pond'rous Stroke of Fate,
 Does half the Edge of the dread Shaft rebate:
 At the survey of this fair Golden Coast,
 Do not, my Muse too glittering Visions boast; }
 Vast Treasure we have sav'd: but, oh, too }
 {vastly lost. }
 When

When Greatness only dies, our Eyes half wet,
 'Tis but faint Dewe falls when such Glories set.
 But when deep Sorrow swells the briny Flood,
 It is not for the Great, but Great and Good.
 Ay, there's the true-felt Loss, the killing Sound,
 The more then Babel-blast ! That fatal Wound
 Does all the Languages of Joy confound.
 Yes, 'tis this Fount does here the Tears supply ;
 The *Muses* mourn to see the *Graces* die.
 A Temper so benigne, so sweet an Ayr ;
 Sure all that e'er cou'd charm Mankind shin'd there.

Oh *Borl*, thou prideless Greatness ! If for ought
 Of thy great Birth in that lov'd Frame we fought,
 Oh we must look for the high Veins we found
 In all the shining Grandeur hemm'd thee round :
 With grateful wonder, and each ravish't Sense,
 All dazled with thy bright Munificence,
 See with diffusive Beams the Patron stand
 And the Bent Knees all bless the bounteous Hand.
 When thy Illustrious Orb we thus survey'd,
 Thus were the Noble highborn Veins display'd ;
 But in thy Conversation's nearer sphere,
 To view the more familiar Graces here ;
 Th' Access so easie, such descending Smiles,
 Thy looks and Language spoke in humbler styles.
 So affable, so all serenely mild,
 Such Goodness, and such genuine Sweetness smil'd ;
 Humanity ev'n to that height refine :
 That certainly if the Angelick kind
 Their Beatifick Lustre wou'd resign,
 And to our Eyes in mortal Converse joyn ;

C

Oh

Oh, *Borl*, whate'er their Divine Forms might be:
 They'd copy sure their humane Mould from
 (Thee.

Oh *Albion*, *Albion*, when from thy fond Arms
 The Ghastly Tyrant tore those radiant Charms ;
 When this dear *BURLINGTON* in dust must lie
 And all that most deserv'd to Live must Die,
 Pride of thy Groves and Glory of thy Plains :
 How ill thy melting Breast this Loss sustains!
 Whilst for those ravish't Sweets, thy ecchoing
 (Crys,

Mount to the deaf inexorable Skyes ;
 Those visionary Forms of past Delight,
 Thy belov'd *Borl* so glares before thy sight,
 As strikes a wound through every tend'rest Vein.
 Remembred Joys make the deep sense of Pain.

So when some dreadful Conflagration pours
 Its flaming Torrent o'er the Princely Towers
 Of some tall Dome wrapt in one spreading Blaze,
 With helpless Hands and trickling Eyes we gaze.
 But; oh, not half the Tears and Sighs we call
 Only to see the tumbling Fabrick fall.
 No, when our Eyes to th' inmost Treasure turn
 And see the *Titian* and the *Raphael* burne ;
 The Riches of the Pencil and the Loom,
 The orient Sparkle, and the Tyrian Bloom,
 All in one swallowing Ruine! to behold
 The cracking Porphyry, and melting Gold ;
 Perhaps

Perhaps a Kingdom's Price, and Ages Toyle,
Scarce less then half the ranfackd *Indies* spoyl,
All buried in one hideous Funeral Pile.
Then the drown'd Eyes we to this object turn.
'Tis thus the dying *BURLINGTON* we mourn.
Such was the Conflagration at his Urne.

Here then, proud *York*, once swell'd with the
(Renown

Of an Imperial Title to a Crown,
A Title long in fatal Battles tryed
With thy Lancastrian Rival to decide,
Albion's twin *ROSES* both in blushing Crimson
(dyed.)

Now from Ambition lull'd to Peace and Rest,
With a long Calm of Halcyon Ages blest ;
Here for new Glories a Reception make :
And this far travell'd Load of Honour take :
This darling Treasure in thy Arms embrace:
Great *BURLINGTON's* Remains thy Urn shall grace.
Oblig'd and honour'd with that sacred Trust
Repository to such Favourite Dust
In these dear Reliques that rich Prize receive
More then thy Bloody Toyls cou'd e'er atcheive.
From this bright Cor'net in thy Walls laid down
Beyond the Pride of a disputed Crown.

F I N I S,